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"You shall go also. You shall not leave me any more. You might not be able the next time to tell me what remains to know. Perhaps I am mistaken. . . . Perhaps I have not understood you. . . . But you must not stay here. Your soul is not

made for other secrets than mine. . . ."

And while the dog trembled, still uncertain, he took her head between his hands, saying very softly:

"Your soul. . . . Your dog's soul. . . . Your beautiful soul. . . ."

COLETTE.

From La Vie Parisienne, Paris.

LINES BY CAPTAIN ALEXANDER
GORDON COWIE, SEAFORTH
HIGHLANDERS

(DIED OF WOUNDS)

It has been said that poets dwell in the shadow which coming events cast before them: the following curious lines which might have passed unnoticed in 1910, are significant enough to-day:

Though not a different land, a different age
Is ours, a different stage:
New characters are on the scene—
Instead of peace, the bright steel's sheen—
In lieu of rest, mad Rage:
The warlike clarion's shrill alarms,
The ruthless power of deadly sin;
Round humble cots, round verdant farms
The roar of beasts, the clash of arms,
And o'er the land the battle's hideous din:
Thro' hill and dale a storm of discord whirls—
The rising smoke of Ruin curls—
Shrieks of the wounded, silence of the dead—
A 'more enlightened' age—of lead!

From The Poetry Review, London.